COLLINS

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

O Thou! by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought
In numbers warmly pure and ſweetly ſtrong——
O chaſte unboaſtful Nymph! to thee I call——
O ſiſter meek of Truth!
To my admiring youth
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe——
Tho' taſte, tho' genius, bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole——
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul——
I only ſeek to find thy temp'rate vale,
Where oft' my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature! learn my tale.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

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WILLIAM COLLINS.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES, ORIENTAL ECLOGUES, ODES DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL,

&c. &c. &c.

Come, Pity! come; by Fancy's aid
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting Maid!
Thy temple's pride design——
There Picture's toils shall well relate
How Chance or hard involving Fate
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And, sighing, prompt her tender hand
With each disastrous tale.
There let me oft', retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell;
There waste the mournful lamp of night
Till, Virgin! thou again delight
To hear a British shell. ODE TO PITY.

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WILLIAM COLLINS.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	ODES DESCRIPTIVE AND
ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,	ALLEGORICAL,

&c. &c. &c.

Come, Pity! come; by Pity's aid
Even now my thoughts, relenting Maid!
Thy temple's pride indeed—
There Fancy's rolls shall well relate
How Chance or hard involving Fate
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The boldest Muse shall bear her head,
Awe, sighing, prompt her tender dread
With each distinguishing rule.
There let the gift, refin'd by art,
In due vein of pathos melt each heart,
Allow'd with those to dwell:
There warm the sympathetic Imp of sighs
Till, Virgin! thou again delight
To hear a British shell.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

M,DCC,LXXI.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

The enthuſiam of poetry, like that of religion, has frequently a powerful influence on the conduct of life, and either throws it into the retreat of uniform obſcurity, or marks it with irregularities that lead to miſery and diſquiet. The gifts of imagination bring the heavieſt taſk upon the vigilance of reaſon; and to bear thoſe faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmneſs and of cool attention which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet difficult as Nature herſelf ſeems to have rendered the taſk of regularity to Genius, it is the ſupreme conſolation of Dulneſs and of Folly to point, with Gothick triumph, to thoſe exceſſes which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconſcious that they are indebted to their ſtupidity for the conſiſtency of their conduct, they plume themſelves on an imaginary virtue which has its origin in what is really their diſgrace.—Let ſuch, if ſuch dare approach the ſhrine of Collins, withdraw to a reſpectful diſtance; and, ſhould they behold the ruins of Genius, or the weakneſs of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament that Nature has left the nobleſt of her works imperfect.

Of ſuch men of genius as have borne no publick character it ſeldom happens that any memoirs can be

collected of conſequence enough to be recorded by the biographer. If their lives paſs in obſcurity, they are generally too uniform to engage our attention; if they cultivate and obtain popularity, Envy and Malignity will mingle their poiſon with the draughts of praiſe; and through the induſtry of thoſe unwearied fiends their reputation will be ſo chequered, and their character ſo much diſguiſed, that it ſhall become difficult for the hiſtorian to ſeparate truth from falſehood.

Of our exalted Poet, whoſe life, though far from being popular, did not altogether paſs in privacy, we meet with few other accounts than ſuch as the life of every man will afford, *viz.* when he was born, where he was educated, and where he died: yet even theſe ſimple Memoirs of the Man will not be unacceptable to thoſe who admire the Poet; for we never receive pleaſure without a deſire to be acquainted with the ſource from whence it ſprings; a ſpecies of curioſity which, as it ſeems to be inſtinctive, was probably given us for the noble end of gratitude, and, finally, to elevate the enquiries of the mind to that Fountain of Perfection from which all human excellence is derived.

Chicheſter, a city in Suſſex, had the honour of giving birth to the Author of the following poems about the year 1721. His father, who was a reputable tradeſman in that city*, intended him for the

* He was a hatter.

ſervice of the church, and with this view, in the year 1733, he was admitted a ſcholar of that illuſtrious ſeminary of genius and learning, Wincheſter College, where ſo many diſtinguiſhed men of letters, ſo many excellent poets, have received their claſſical education. Here he had the good fortune to continue ſeven years under the care of the very learned Dr. Burton, and at the age of nineteen, in the year 1740, he had merit ſufficient to procure a diſtinguiſhed place in the liſt of thoſe ſcholars who are elected upon the foundation of Wincheſter to New College in Oxford; but as there were then no vacancies in that ſociety, he was admitted a Commoner of Queen's College in the ſame univerſity, where he continued till July 1741, when he was elected a Demy of Magdalen College. During his reſidence at Queen's he was at once diſtinguiſhed for genius and indolence, his exerciſes, when he could be prevailed upon to write, bearing the viſible characteriſticks of both. This remiſs and inattentive habit might probably ariſe, in ſome meaſure, from diſappointment: he had no doubt indulged very high ideas of the academical mode of education, and when he found Science within the fetters of Logick and of Ariſtotle, it was no wonder if he abated of his diligence to ſeek her where the ſearch was attended with artificial perplexities, and where at laſt the purſuer would graſp the ſhadow for the ſubſtance.

While he was at Magdalen College he applied himself chiefly to the cultivation of poetry, and wrote the Epiſtle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and the Oriental Eclogues, which in the year 1742 were firſt publiſhed under the title of Perſian Eclogues. The ſucceſs of theſe poems was far from being equal to their merit; but to a novice in the purſuit of fame the leaſt encouragement is ſufficient: if he does not at once acquire that reputation to which his merit entitles him, he embraces the encomiums of the few, forgives the many, and intends to open their eyes to the ſtriking beauties of his next publication.

With proſpects ſuch as theſe probably Mr. Collins indulged his fancy, when in the year 1743 or 1744, after having taken the degree of a Bachelor of Arts, he left the univerſity, and removed to London.

To a man of ſmall fortune, a liberal ſpirit, and uncertain dependencies, the metropolis is a very dangerous place. Mr. Collins had not been long in Town before he became an inſtance of the truth of this obſervation. His pecuniary reſources were exhauſted, and to reſtore them by the exertion of genius and learning, though he wanted not the power, he had neither ſteadineſs nor induſtry. His neceſſities, indeed, ſometimes carried him as far as a ſcheme or a titlepage for a book; but whether it were the power of Diſſipation or the genius of Repoſe that interfered, he could proceed no farther. Several books were

projected which he was very able to execute, and he became in idea an hiſtorian, a critick, and a dramatick poet, by turns. At one time he determined to write an hiſtory of the revival of letters*; at another to tranſlate and comment upon Ariſtotle's Poetics†; then he turned his thoughts to the drama, and proceeded ſo far towards a tragedy—as to become acquainted with the manager.

Under this unaccountable diſſipation he ſuffered the greateſt inconveniencies. Day ſucceeded day for the ſupport of which he had made no proviſion, and in which he was to ſubſiſt either by the long-repeated contributions of a friend, or the generoſity of a caſual acquaintance. Yet indolence triumphed at once over want and ſhame, and neither the anxieties of poverty nor the heart-burning of dependence had power to animate Reſolution to perſeverance.

As there is a degree of depravity into which if a man falls he becomes incapable of attending to any of the ordinary means that recall men to virtue, ſo there are ſome circumſtances of indigence ſo extremely degrading that they deſtroy the influences of ſhame itſelf, and moſt ſpirits are apt to ſink under their oppreſſion into a ſullen and unambitious deſpondence.

* For this intended work he publiſhed propoſals.

† He undertook a tranſlation of Ariſtotle's Poetics with a large Commentary, and received from the bookſellers ſome money on account of the work, which he never finiſhed. The money he repaid.

However this might be with regard to Mr. Collins, we find that in the year 1746 he had spirit and resolution enough to publish his Odes Descriptive and Allegorical; but the sale was by no means successful: and hence it was that the Author, conceiving a just indignation against a blind and tasteless age, burnt the remaining copies with his own hands.

Allegorical and abstracted poetry was above the taste of those times as much or more than it is of the present. It is in the lower walks, the plain and practical paths of the Muses only, that the generality of men can be entertained: the higher efforts of imagination are above their capacity; and it is no wonder, therefore, if the Odes Descriptive and Allegorical met with few admirers.

Under these circumstances, so mortifying to every just expectation, when neither his wants were relieved nor his reputation extended, he found some consolation in changing the scene, and visiting his uncle Colonel Martin, who was at that time with our army in Flanders. Soon after his arrival the Colonel died, and left him a considerable fortune *.

Here then we should hope to behold him happy, possessed of independence, and removed from every scene and every monument of his former misery: but

* About two thousand pounds; a sum which he did not live to exhaust.

Fortune had delayed her favours till they were not worth receiving. His faculties had been ſo long harraſſed by anxiety, diſſipation, and diſtreſs, that he fell into a nervous diſorder, which brought with it an unconquerable depreſſion of ſpirits, and at length reduced the fineſt underſtanding to the moſt deplorable childiſhneſs. In the firſt ſtages of his diſorder he attempted to relieve himſelf by travel, and paſſed into France; but the growing malady obliged him to return; and having continued, with ſhort intervals *, in this pitiable ſtate till the year 1756, he died in the arms of a ſiſter at Chicheſter.

Mr. Collins was in ſtature ſomewhat above the middle ſize; of a brown complexion, keen expreſſive eyes, and a fixed ſedate aſpect, which from intenſe thinking had contracted an habitual frown. His proficiency in letters was greater than could have been expected from his years. He was ſkilled in the learned languages, and acquainted with the Italian, French, and Spaniſh. It is obſervable that none of his poems bear the marks of an amorous diſpoſition, and that he is one of thoſe few poets who have ſailed to Delphi without touching at Cythera. The alluſions of this

* It ſeems to have been in one of theſe intervals that he was viſited by an ingenious friend, who tells us he found him with a book in his hand; and being aſked what it was, he anſwered that "he had but one book, but that was the beſt." It was the New Teſtament in Engliſh.

kind that appear in his Oriental Eclogues were indiſpenſable in that ſpecies of poetry; and it is very remarkable that in his Paſſions, an Ode for Muſic, love is omitted, though it ſhould have made a principal figure there.

* It ſeems to have been in one of theſe intervals that he was viſited by an ingenious friend, who tells us he found him with a book in his hand; and being aſked what it was, he anſwered that "he had but one book, but that was the beſt." It was the New Teſtament in Engliſh.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING *.

CEASE, fair Aurelia! ceaſe to mourn;
Lament not Hannah's happy ſtate:
You may be happy in your turn,
And ſeize the treaſure you regret.

With Love united Hymen ſtands,
And ſoftly whiſpers to your charms,
"Meet but your lover in my hands,
"You'll find your ſiſter in his arms."

AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER,

On his Edition of Shakeſpeare's Works †.

WHILE, born to bring the Muſes happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, ſhe ſees her myrtles bloom
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb;

* This was Mr. Collins's firſt production.

† This poem was written by our Author at the univerſity, about the time when Sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakeſpeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not ſo much merit as the reſt of his poems, it has ſtill more than the ſub-

Excuſe her doubts if yet ſhe fears to tell
What ſecret tranſports in her boſom ſwell:
With conſcious awe ſhe hears the critick's fame,
And bluſhing hides her wreath at Shakeſpeare's name.
Hard was the lot thoſe injur'd ſtrains endur'd,
Unown'd by Science, and by years obſcur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing ſighs confeſt
A fix'd deſpair in every tuneful breaſt.
Not with more grief th' afflicted ſwains appear
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When ling'ring froſts the ruin'd ſeats invade
Where Peace reſorted and the Graces play'd.

Each riſing art by juſt gradation moves;
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muſe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleſt pomp her earlieſt ſtage:
Preſerv'd thro' time the ſpeaking ſcenes impart
Each changeful wiſh of Phædra's tortur'd heart;
Or paint the curſe that mark'd the Theban's reign *,
A bed inceſtuous, and a father ſlain:
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the ſad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit ſecure to pleaſe,
The Comic Siſters kept their native eaſe:
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoſt excell'd:

ject deſerves. The verſification is eaſy and genteel, and the alluſions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher, in particular, is very juſtly drawn in this Epiſtle.

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

But every Muſe eſſay'd to raiſe in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragick ſtrain:
Ilyſſus' laurels, tho' transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly ſoil.
As Arts expir'd reſiſtleſs Dulneſs roſe;
Goths, Prieſts, or Vandals—all were Learning's foes,
Till Julius * firſt recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Coſmo own'd them in th' Etrurian ſhade:
Then, deeply ſkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The ſoft Provencial paſs'd to Arno's ſtream:
With graceful eaſe the wanton lyre he ſtrung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he ſung:
The gay deſcription could not fail to move,
For, led by Nature, all are friends to love.
But Heaven, ſtill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaſt of time ſhould laſt ſucceed.
The beauteous union muſt appear at length
Of Tuſcan fancy and Athenian ſtrength;
One greater Muſe Eliza's reign adorn,
And even a Shakeſpeare to her fame be born!
Yet, ah! ſo bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No ſecond growth the Weſtern Iſle could bear,
At once exhauſted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Johnſon knew the critick's part;
Nature in him was almoſt loſt in art.

* Julius II. the immediate predeceſſor of Leo X.

Of ſofter mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name:
With pleas'd attention 'midſt his ſcenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
Each melting ſigh and every tender tear,
The lover's wiſhes, and the virgin's fear.
His every ſtrain the Smiles and Graces own*,
But ſtronger Shakeſpeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder paſſions ſtand
Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

With gradual ſteps and ſlow, exacter France†
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her ſhores advance;
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and juſt in all ſhe drew;
Till late Corneille, with Lucan's‡ ſpirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free ſtrain, as Rome and he inſpir'd;
And claſſick judgment gain'd to ſweet Racine
The temp'rate ſtrength of Maro's chaſter line.

But wilder far the Britiſh laurel ſpread,
And wreaths leſs artful crown our poet's head;
Yet he alone to every ſcene could give
Th' hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.

* Their characters are thus diſtinguiſhed by Mr. Dryden.

† About the time of Shakeſpeare the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, ſix hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themſelves in general to the correct improvement of the ſtage, which was almoſt totally diſregarded by thoſe of our own country, Johnſon excepted.

‡ The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

Wak'd at his call I view, with glad ſurpriſe,
Majeſtick forms of mighty monarchs riſe.
There Henry's trumpets ſpread their loud alarms,
And laurell'd Conqueſt waits her hero's arms!
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying ſigh,
Scarce born to honours, and ſo ſoon to die!
Yet ſhall thy throne, unhappy Infant! bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time ſhall come when Glo'ſter's heart ſhall bleed *
In life's laſt hours with horrour of the deed;
When dreary viſions ſhall at laſt preſent
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unſeen the ſecret death ſhall bear,
Blunt the weak ſword, and break th' oppreſſive ſpear.
Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſion of the cheated mind:
Oft', wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler Nature in the rural grove,
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight Fairies tread the circled green:
Dreſs'd by her hand the woods and vallies ſmile,
And Spring diffuſive decks th' enchanted iſle.
O, more than all in powerful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!

* Tempus erit Turno, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum pallanta, &c.

There every thought the poet's warmth may raiſe,
There native muſick dwells in all the lays.
O, might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!
Methinks ev'n now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line;
Chaſte and ſubdu'd the modeſt lights decay,
Steal into ſhades, and mildly melt away.
—And ſee! where Antony *, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relicks of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corſe the warrior ſeems to bend,
Deep ſunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they preſs he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound!
But who is he whoſe brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air†?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging ſteel.
Yet ſhall not War's inſatiate fury fall
(So Heaven ordains it) on the deſtin'd wall.
See the fond mother 'midſt the plaintive train
Hung on his knees, and proſtrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the ſoul, in vain he ſtrives to hide
The ſon's affection in the Roman's pride:

* See the tragedy of Julius Cæſar.
† Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's Dialogue on the Odyſſey.

O'er all the man conflicting paſſions riſe,
Rage graſps the ſword, while Pity melts the eyes!
Thus, gen'rous Critick! as thy bard inſpires
The ſiſter Arts ſhall nurſe their drooping fires;
Each from his ſcenes her ſtores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal ſtring:
Thoſe Sibyl-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careleſs kind)
By thee diſpos'd no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to Nature, own thy forming hand. [known;
So ſpread o'er Greece th' harmonious whole un-
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone:
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters caſt on every ſhore;
When, rais'd by Fate, ſome former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind,
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE*,

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,

Suppoſed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's graſſy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet of earlieſt bloom,
And riſe all the breathing ſpring.

* Mr. Collins had ſkill to complain: of that mournful melody and thoſe tender images which are the diſtinguiſhing ex-

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd-lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breaſt oft' at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs and gather'd flow'rs
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell,
Or 'midſt the chaſe, on every plain
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

cellencies of ſuch pieces as bewail departed friendſhip or beauty he was an almoſt unequalled maſter. He knew perfectly to exhibit ſuch circumſtances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great ſenſibility, he felt what he wrote, he nautrally addreſſed himſelf to the feelings of others.

To read ſuch lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without correſponding emotions of pity, is ſurely impoſſible;

> The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell,
> Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
> For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
> Belov'd till life can charm no more,
> And mourn'd till Pity's ſelf be dead.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duely ſhed;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's ſelf be dead.

VERSES

Written on a Paper which contained a piece of Bride-cake.

YE curious hands that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By ſearch profane ſhall find this hallow'd Cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the ſacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's ſake!

This precious relick, form'd by magick pow'r,
Beneath the ſhepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by Love to charm the ſilent hour,
The ſecret preſent of a matchleſs maid.

The Cyprian queen at Hymen's fond requeſt
Each nice ingredient choſe with happieſt art;
Fears, ſighs, and wiſhes of th' enamour'd breaſt,
And pains that pleaſe, are mix'd in every part.

With roſy hand the ſpicy fruit ſhe brought
From Paphian hills and fair Cythera's iſle,
And temper'd ſweet with theſe the melting thought,
The kiſs ambroſial, and the yielding ſmile.

Ambiguous looks, that ſcorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and am'rous faint conſent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath ſworn while theſe remain
With flatt'ring dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful Hope, ſo oft' invok'd in vain,
With Fairy ſongs ſhall ſooth his penſive ear.

If, bound by vows to Friendſhip's gentle ſide,
And, fond of ſoul, thou hop'ſt an equal grace;
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much entreated, leave this fatal place!

Sweet Peace, who long hath ſhunn'd my plaintive day,
Conſents at length to bring me ſhort delight;
Thy careleſs ſteps may ſcare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note uſurp the night.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

THE genius of the Paſtoral, as well as of every other reſpectable ſpecies of poetry, had its origin in the Eaſt, and from thence was tranſplanted by the Muſes of Greece; but whether from the continent of the Leſſer Aſia, or from Egypt, which about the era of the Grecian Paſtoral was the hoſpitable nurſe of letters, it is not eaſy to determine. From the ſubjects and the manner of Theocritus one would incline to the latter opinion, while the hiſtory of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it ſhould ſtill remain a doubt through what channel the Paſtoral travelled weſtward, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In thoſe ages which, guided by ſacred chronology, from a comparative view of time we call the Early Ages, it appears from the moſt authentick hiſtorians that the chiefs of the people employed themſelves in rural exerciſes, and that aſtronomers and legiſlators were at the ſame time ſhepherds. Thus Strabo informs us that the hiſtory of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean ſhepherd.

From theſe circumſtances it is evident not only that ſuch ſhepherds were capable of all the dignity and

elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the Paſtoral kind, would take its ſubjects from thoſe ſcenes of rural ſimplicity in which they were converſant, and, as it was the offspring of Harmony and Nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the moſt ancient poems treat of agriculture, aſtronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural ſyſtems.

What conſtitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Paſtoral is love, and the colloquial or dramatick form of compoſition peculiar to the latter: this form of compoſition is ſometimes diſpenſed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought ſufficient to diſtinguiſh the Paſtoral. The tender paſſion, however, ſeems to be eſſential to this ſpecies of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from thoſe pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in thoſe eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whoſe only purport is a trial of ſkill between contending ſhepherds, love has its uſual ſhare, and the praiſes of their reſpective miſtreſſes are the general ſubjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that ſcarce any oriental compoſitions of this kind have ſurvived the ravages of Ignorance, Tyranny, and Time: we cannot doubt that many ſuch have been extant, poſſibly as far down as

that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horrour, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

Those ingenious Greeks, whom we call the Parents of Pastoral poetry, were probably no more than imitators of imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter sources, and kindled their poetical fires at those then unextinguished lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himself of those magnificent images and descriptions so frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Testament; and why may not Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion, have found their archetypes in other eastern writers whose names have perished with their works? yet though it may not be illiberal to admit such a supposition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could suggest with regard to Homer, that they destroyed the sources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their supporters to death.

As the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed some part of his Pasto-

ral imagery from the poetical paſſages of thoſe books. —I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expreſſions of the prophet Iſaiah when he wrote the following lines;

Νυν ια μεν φορεοιλε βατοι, φορεοιλε δ' ακανθαι·
Α δε καλα ναρκισσ' επ' αρκευθοισι κομασαι·
Παντα δ' εναλλα γενοιτο, και ά τιτυς όχνας ενειακαι
——και τως κυνας ὠλαφος ἑλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narciſſus dreſs his hair—
All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer ſhall drag the trembling hound.

The cauſe, indeed, of theſe phenomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth, of an important perſon; but the marks of imitation are nevertheleſs obvious.

It might however be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the ſacred writers, the celebrated Paſtoral epithalamium of Solomon, ſo much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have eſcaped his notice. His epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore if he has any obligations to the royal bard we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the ſpirit of the Hebrew ſong;

Ουτω δε τωραϊζα κατεδραθες, ω φιλε γαμβρε.

The colour of imitation is ſtill ſtronger in the following paſſage;

Ὡς ἀντελλοισα καλον διεφαινε πρόσωπον,
Ποτνια νυξ ἀτε, λευκον εαρ χειμενος ἀεντος·
Ὥδε και ἁ χρυσεα Ἑλενα διεφαινετ' ἐν ἡμῖν,
Πιειρη, μεγαλη. ἀτ' ἀνέδραμεν ὄγμος ἀρουρᾶς,
Ἢ κατὼ κυπαρισσος, ἢ ἅρματι Θεσσαλος ἵππος.

This deſcription of Helen is infinitely above the ſtyle and figure of the Sicilian Paſtoral—"She is like the "riſing of the golden morning when the night de- "parteth, and when the winter is over and gone. "She reſembleth the cypreſs in the garden, the horſe "in the chariots of Theſſaly." Theſe figures plainly declare their origin; and others, equally imitative, might be pointed out in the ſame idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage Paſtoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue that has ſurvived the ruins of time; a happineſs for which it is probably more indebted to its ſacred character than to its intrinſick merit; not that it is by any means deſtitute of poetical excellence: like all the eaſtern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, alluſions, and parts, and has all that graceful and magnificent daring which characterizes its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In conſequence of theſe peculiarities, ſo ill adapted to the frigid genius of the north, Mr. Collins could make but little uſe of it as a precedent for his Oriental Eclogues; and even in his third eclogue, where the ſubject is of a ſimilar nature, he has choſen rather to follow the mode of the Doriek and the Latin Paſtoral.

The ſcenery and ſubjects, then, of the following Eclogues alone are oriental; the ſtyle and colouring are purely European; and for this reaſon the Author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the eaſt, is omitted, as being now altogether ſuperfluous.

With regard to the merit of theſe Eclogues, it may juſtly be aſſerted that in ſimplicity of deſcription and expreſſion, in delicacy and ſoftneſs of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderneſs, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the Paſtoral kind in the Engliſh language.

ECLOGUE I.

This eclogue, which is entitled Selim; or, The Shepherd's Moral, as there is nothing dramatick in the ſubject, may be thought the leaſt entertaining of the four; but it is by no means the leaſt valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent ſhepherd delivers to his fellow-ſwains, and the virgins their companions, are ſuch as would infallibly promote the happineſs of the Paſtoral life.

In perſonating the private Virtues, the Poet has obſerved great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the moſt perfect judgment, when he repreſents them as the daughters of Truth and Wiſdom.

The characteriſticks of Modeſty and Chaſtity are extremely happy and *peinturesque*;

Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear;
To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty! appear:
With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe, ſuſpicious maid;
Cold is her breaſt, like flow'rs that drink the dew,
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.

The two ſimilies borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expreſſive. There is, notwithſtanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to Chaſtity as to Modeſty; and from this inſtance, as well as from a thouſand more, we may ſee the neceſſity of diſtinguiſhing, in characteriſtick poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue that it wants both thoſe eſſential *criteria* of the Paſtoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former ſtill retains an intereſt in it, and that too very material, as it profeſſedly conſults the virtue and happineſs of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

—— that muſt lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

All the advantages that any ſpecies of poetry can derive from the novelty of the ſubject and ſcenery this eclogue poſſeſſes. The rout of a camel-driver is a ſcene that ſcarce could exiſt in the imagination of

an European, and of its attendant diſtreſſes he could have no idea.—Theſe are very happily and minutely painted by our deſcriptive Poet. What ſublime ſimplicity of expreſſion! what nervous plainneſs in the opening of the poem!

> In ſilent horrour o'er the boundleſs waſte
> The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt.

The magick pencil of the Poet brings the whole ſcene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this ſingle couplet we feel all the effect that ariſes from the terrible wildneſs of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verſes that deſcribe ſo minutely the camel-driver's little proviſions have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehenſions of diſtreſs;

> Bethink thee, Haſſan! where ſhall Thirſt aſſuage,
> When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?

It is difficult to ſay whether his apoſtrophe to the mute companions of his toils is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderneſs and humanity of the ſentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injuſtice if he concludes it to be deſtitute of ſenſibility;

> Ye mute Companions of my toils, that bear
> In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
> Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
> Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,

In vain ye hope the green delights to know
Which plains more bleſt or verdant vales beſtow;
Here rocks alone and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.

Yet in theſe beautiful lines there is a ſlight error which writers of the greateſt genius very frequently fall into.—It will be needleſs to obſerve to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and ſixth verſes there is a verbal pleonaſm where the Poet ſpeaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an overſight of the ſame kind in The Manners, an Ode, where the Poet ſays,

——— Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds———

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taſte it is nevertheleſs diſguſtful; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard againſt it.

Mr. Collins ſpeaks like a true poet, as well in ſentiment as expreſſion, when, with regard to the thirſt of wealth, he ſays,

Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?

But however juſt theſe ſentiments may appear to thoſe who have not revolted from nature and ſimplicity, had the Author proclaimed them in Lombard-

ſtreet or Cheapſide he would not have been complimented with the underſtanding of the bellman.—A ſtriking proof that our own particular ideas of happineſs regulate our opinions concerning the ſenſe and wiſdom of others!

It is impoſſible to take leave of this moſt beautiful eclogue without paying the tribute of admiration ſo juſtly due to the following nervous lines;

> What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
> Oft' in the duſt I view his printed feet;
> And fearful oft', when Day's declining light
> Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night;
> By hunger rouz'd he ſcours the groaning plain,
> Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train;
> Before them Death with ſhrieks directs their way,
> Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

This, amongſt many other paſſages to be met with in the writings of Collins, ſhews that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in deſcription, notwithſtanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expreſſed, than the image in the laſt couplet.

That deception, ſometimes uſed in rhetorick and poetry, which preſents us with an object or ſentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greateſt advantage;

> Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
> Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
> Yet as thou go'ſt may every blaſt ariſe
> Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettiness than a real or natural beauty.

ECLOGUE III.

That innocence and native simplicity of manners which, in the first eclogue, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love, is here beautifully described in its effects. The Sultan of Persia marries a Georgian shepherdess, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can bestow. The most natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are those where the fair Sultana refers with so much pleasure to her Pastoral amusements, and those scenes of happy innocence in which she had passed her early years; particularly when, upon her first departure,

Oft' as she went the backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.

This picture of amiable simplicity reminds one of that passage where Prosperine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loss of the flowers she had been gathering;

Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis:
Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem.

ECLOGUE IV.

The beautiful but unfortunate country where the scene of this pathetick eclogue is laid had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its savage neigh-

bours, when Mr. Collins ſo affectingly deſcribed its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray but a heart to feel for the miſeries of mankind; and it is with the utmoſt tenderneſs and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circaſſia's ruin, while he realizes the ſcene, and brings the preſent drama before us. Of every circumſtance that could poſſibly contribute to the tender effect this Paſtoral was deſigned to produce the Poet has availed himſelf with the utmoſt art and addreſs. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the diſtreſſes of Circaſſia, by repreſenting it as the ſcene of the happieſt love;

In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind.

To give the circumſtances of the dialogue a more affecting ſolemnity, he makes the time midnight, and deſcribes the two ſhepherds in the very act of flight from the deſtruction that ſwept over their country;

Sad o'er the dews two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wild'ring Fear and deſp'rate Sorrow led.

There is beauty and propriety in the epithet *wild'ring*, which ſtrikes us more forcibly the more we conſider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected, when one of the ſhepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had paſſed. This is certainly painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or deſtitute of

refinement, are perfectly in character. But as the cloſeſt purſuit of nature is the ſureſt way to excellence in general, and to ſublimity in particular, in poetical deſcription, ſo we find that this ſimple ſuggeſtion of the ſhepherd is not unattended with magnificence: there is grandeur and variety in the landſcape he deſcribes;

> And firſt review that long-extended plain,
> And yon' wide groves, already paſt with pain;
> Yon' ragged cliff, whoſe dang'rous path we try'd,
> And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide.

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expreſſing a ſlow and difficult movement by adding to the uſual number of pauſes in a verſe. This is obſervable in the line that deſcribes the aſcent of the mountain;

> And laſt || this lofty mountain's || weary ſide ||.

Here we find the number of pauſes, or muſical bars, which in an heroic verſe is commonly two, increaſed to three.

The liquid melody and the numerous ſweetneſs of expreſſion in the following deſcriptive lines is almoſt inimitably beautiful;

> Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flow'ry plain,
> And once by nymphs and ſhepherds lov'd in vain.
> No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
> By Sargis' banks or Irwan's ſhady grove;
> On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
> Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flow'ry vale.

Nevertheleſs in this delightful landſcape there is an obvious fault; there is no diſtinction between the

plain of Zabran and the vale of Aly; they are both flowery, and consequently undiversified. This could not proceed from the Poet's want of judgment, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flow'ry* twice within so short a compass; an oversight which those who are accustomed to poetical, or indeed to any other species of, composition know to be very possible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expressed, than the shepherd's apprehensions for his fair countrywomen, exposed to the ravages of the invaders;

> In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
> For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves;
> In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
> Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair:
> Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief shall send;
> Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

There is certainly some very powerful charm in the liquid melody of sounds. The editor of these poems could never read or hear the following verse repeated without a degree of pleasure otherwise entirely unaccountable;

> Their eyes' *blue languish*, and their *golden hair*.

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the same kind of anxious pleasure we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Scene, A Valley near Bagdat. Time, The Morning.

YE Perſian Maids! attend your poet's lays,
And hear how ſhepherds paſs their golden days.
Not all are bleſt whom Fortune's hand ſuſtains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliſs where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim ſung, by ſacred truth inſpir'd,
Nor praiſe but ſuch as truth beſtow'd deſir'd:
Wiſe in himſelf, his meaning ſongs convey'd
Informing morals to the ſhepherd-maid,
Or taught the ſwains that ſureſt bliſs to find,
What groves nor ſtreams beſtow, a virtuous mind.

When ſweet, and bluſhing like a virgin bride,
The radiant Morn reſum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their ſweets away,
By Tigris' wand'ring waves he ſat and ſung,
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.

"Ye Perſian Dames!" he ſaid, "to you belong,
"Well may they pleaſe! the morals of my ſong:
"No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
"Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
"The Morn that lights you, to your loves ſupplies
"Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes:
"For you thoſe flow'rs her fragrant hands beſtow,
"And yours the love that kings delight to know:
"Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
"The beſt kind bleſſings Heav'n can grant the fair.
"Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray
"Boaſt but the worth Baſſora's pearls diſplay;
"Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
"But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light.
"Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
"By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
"Self-flatt'ring Sex! your hearts believe in vain
"That Love ſhall blind when once he fires the ſwain;
"Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
"As ſpots on ermine beautify the ſkin.
"Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, he firſt her care
"Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair:
"Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
"The lov'd perfections of a female mind.
"Bleſs'd were the days when Wiſdom held her reign,
"And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain;
"With Truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
"Immortal Truth! and daughters bleſs'd their love.

"O haſte, fair Maids! ye Virtues! come away,
"Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
"The balmy ſhrub for you ſhall love our ſhore,
"By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.
"Loſt to our fields, for ſo the Fates ordain,
"The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
"Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear;
"To lead the train, ſweet Modeſty! appear:
"Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
"And ſhepherd-girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
"With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
"Diſtruſting all, a wiſe, ſuſpicious maid;
"But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
"Holds the ſwift faulcon for her deadly foe.
"Cold is her breaſt, like flow'rs that drink the dew,
"A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
"No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
"But Faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone;
"Deſponding Meekneſs, with her downcaſt eyes,
"And friendly Pity, full of tender ſighs;
"And Love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve;
"Theſe are the Virtues that muſt lead to love."
Thus ſung the ſwain, and ancient legends ſay
The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay.
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

Scene, The Deſert. Time, Mid-day.

In ſilent horrour o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt;
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts with pain their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſp'rate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began;
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
" Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,
" The thirſt or pinching hunger that I find!
" Bethink thee, Haſſan! where ſhall Thirſt aſſuage,
" When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
" Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign,
" Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
" Ye mute Companions of my toils, that bear
" In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!

" Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
" Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
" In vain ye hope the green delights to know
" Which plains more bleſs'd or verdant vales beſtow;
" Here rocks alone and taſtleſs ſands are found,
" And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
" Curſs'd be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
" Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
" The lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
" And life is dearer than the golden ore;
" Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown
" To ev'ry diſtant mart and wealthy town:
" Full oft' we tempt the land, and oft' the ſea;
" And are we only yet repaid by thee?
" Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
" Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
" Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
" The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleaſure's ſong?
" Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's ſide,
" The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
" Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold
" Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
" O ceaſe, my Fears!—All frantick as I go,
" When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,

" What if the lion in his rage I meet!——
" Oft' in the duſt I view his printed feet;
" And fearful oft', when Day's declining light
" Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
" By hunger rouz'd he ſcours the groaning plain,
" Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train;
" Before them Death with ſhrieks directs their way,
" Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
" At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
" If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep;
" Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
" And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
" Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
" From luſt of wealth and dread of death ſecure!
" They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find;
" Peace rules the day where reaſon rules the mind.
" Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
" When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
" O, hapleſs Youth! for ſhe thy love hath won,
" The tender Zara! will be moſt undone.
" Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
" When faſt ſhe dropp'd her tears, as thus ſhe ſaid:"
" Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
" Yet as thou go'ſt, may every-blaſt ariſe
" Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs:

" Safe o'er the wild no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
" No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe Youth! like me."
" O! let me ſafely to the fair return,
" Say with a kiſs ſhe muſt not, ſhall not, mourn;
" O! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
" Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice and Zara's tears."
He ſaid, and call'd on Heav'n to bleſs the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

Scene, A Foreſt. Time, The Evening.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen
In diſtant view along the level green,
While ev'ning dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
What time 't is ſweet o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
Or ſcent the breathing maize at ſetting day,
Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove
Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.
Of Abra firſt began the tender ſtrain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn ſhe came thoſe willing flocks to lead
Where lilies rear them in th' watry mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours ſhe told,
Till late at ſilent eve ſhe penn'd the fold.

Deep in the grove, beneath the ſecret ſhade,
A various wreath of od'rous flowers ſhe made;
Gay-motley'd pinks and ſweet jonquils ſhe choſe *,
The violet blue that on the moſs-bank grows;
All-ſweet to ſenſe, the flaunting roſe was there;
The finiſh'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to ſtray,
By love conducted from the chaſe away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her ſong,
And ſought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain,
Yet ſtill her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft' as ſhe went ſhe backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy Maid! to other ſcenes remove,
To richer ſcenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the ſimple pipe and ſhepherd's ſtrain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Yet midſt the blaze of courts ſhe fix'd her love
On the cool fountain or the ſhady grove;

* That theſe flowers are found in very great abundance in ſome of the provinces of Perſia, ſee the Modern Hiſtory of Mr. Salmon.

Still with the ſhepherd's innocence her mind
To the ſweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd;
And oft' as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
Breath'd his ſoft gales, and led the fragrant Hours,
With ſure return ſhe ſought the ſylvan ſcene,
The breezy mountains and the foreſts green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
Some ſimple lay of flocks and herds they ſung;
With joy the mountain and the foreſt rung.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
And oft' the royal lover left the care
And thorns of ſtate attendant on the fair;
Oft' to the ſhades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or ſought the vale where firſt his heart was fir'd.
A ruſſet mantle like a ſwain he wore,
And thought of crowns and buſy courts no more.
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
Bleſt was the life that royal Abbas led;
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
The ſimple ſhepherd-girl can love as well.
Let thoſe who rule on Perſia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentleſt love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.

O happy days! the maids around her ſay;
O haſte; profuſe of bleſſings, haſte away!
" Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
" And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

Scene, A Mountain in Circaſſia. Time, Midnight.

In fair Circaſſia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each ſwain was bleſt, for every maid was kind;
At that ſtill hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And paſt in radiance thro' the cloudleſs ſky,
Sad o'er the dews two brother ſhepherds fled,
Where wild'ring Fear and deſp'rate Sorrow led:
Faſt as they preſt their flight behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies ſtole away.
Along the mountain's bending ſides they ran
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECAN. O ſtay thee, Agib! for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart! O turn thee and ſurvey,
Trace our ſad flight thro' all its length of way!
And firſt review that long-extended plain,
And yon' wide groves, already paſt with pain;

Yon' ragged cliff, whoſe dang'rous path we try'd,
And laſt this lofty mountain's weary ſide.
AGIB. Weak as thou art, yet, hapleſs! muſt thou know
The toils of flight, or ſome ſeverer woe.
Still as I haſte the Tartar ſhouts behind,
And ſhrieks and ſorrows load the ſadd'ning wind:
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blaſts our harveſts and deforms our land.
Yon' citron grove, whence firſt in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conq'ring flame:
Far fly the ſwains, like us, in deep deſpair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.
ZECAN. Unhappy Land! whoſe bleſſings tempt the ſword;
In vain, unheard, thou call'ſt thy Perſian Lord!
In vain thou court'ſt him, helpleſs, to thine aid,
To ſhield the ſhepherd and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtleſs indolence reſign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleaſure ſooth his mind;
'Midſt fair ſultanas loſt in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.
AGIB. Yet theſe green hills in ſummer's ſultry heat
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the ſight is Zabran's flow'ry plain,
And once by maids and ſhepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins ſhall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks or Irwan's ſhady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the ſweets of Aly's flow'ry vale:

Fair Scenes! but, ah! no more with peace poſſeſs'd,
With eaſe alluring, and with plenty bleſs'd:
No more the ſhepherds' whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with ſnowy bloſſoms crown'd,
But Ruin ſpreads her baleful fires around.

SECAN. In vain Circaſſia boaſts her ſpicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves;
In vain ſhe boaſts her faireſt of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languiſh, and their golden hair:
Thoſe eyes in tears their fruitleſs grief muſt ſend;
Thoſe hairs the Tartar's cruel hand ſhall rend. [far

AGIB. Ye Georgian Swains! that piteous learn from
Circaſſia's ruin and the waſte of war,
Some weightier arms than crooks and ſtaffs prepare
To ſhield your harveſts and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like deſigns purſue,
Fix'd to deſtroy, and ſtedfaſt to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deſerts bred,
By luſt incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab! as he prowls for prey,
Oft' marks with blood and waſting flames the way;
Yet none ſo cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurſt in ſcenes of woe.

He ſaid; when loud along the vale was heard
A ſhriller ſhriek, and nearer fires appear'd;
Th' affrighted ſhepherds thro' the dews of night
Wide o'er the moonlight hills renew'd their flight.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE ODES DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyrick poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the Muſe. Poſſeſſed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, ſuſceptible of the fineſt feelings of tenderneſs and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthuſiaſm which gives to imagination its ſtrongeſt colouring, he was at once capable of ſoothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the paſſions by the force of his pathos, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his deſcription.

In conſequence of theſe powers, but more particularly in conſideration of the laſt, he choſe ſuch ſubjects for his lyrick eſſays as were moſt favourable for the indulgence of deſcription and allegory; where he could exerciſe his powers in moral and perſonal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring new attributes on images or objects already known, and deſcribed by a determinate number of characteriſticks; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the ſociety of imperſonated beings.

Such no doubt were the privileges which the Poet expected, and such were the advantages he derived from the deſcriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It ſeems to have been the whole induſtry of our Author (and it is, at the ſame time, almoſt all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boaſt) to promote the influence of the ſocial virtues, by painting them in the faireſt and happieſt lights.

Melior fieri tuendo

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyrick poems it ſeems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it ſhould appear to ſome readers that he has been more induſtrious to cultivate deſcription than ſentiment, it may be obſerved that his deſcriptions themſelves are ſentimental, and anſwer the whole end of that ſpecies of writing, by embelliſhing every feature of Virtue, and by conveying through the effects of the pencil the fineſt moral leſſons to the mind.

Horace ſpeaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the ſenſes, it is conveyed. The impreſſions left on the imagination may poſſibly be thought leſs durable than the depoſits of the memory; but it may very well admit of a queſtion whether a concluſion of reaſon or an impreſſion of imagination will ſooneſt make its

way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is moſt likely to gain upon the affections it may not be difficult to determine.

This however muſt be allowed, that thoſe works approach the neareſt to perfection which unite theſe powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and ſtriking deſcription, the latter by a brief but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus while the heart is influenced through the operation of the paſſions or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwiſe have been tranſient, is ſecured by the cooperating power of the memory, which treaſures up in a ſhort aphoriſm the moral of the ſcene.

This is a good reaſon, and this perhaps is the only reaſon that can be given, why our dramatick performances ſhould generally end with a chain of couplets: in theſe the moral of the whole piece is uſually conveyed; and that aſſiſtance which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cauſe of it, gives it uſefulneſs and propriety even there.

After theſe apologies for the deſcriptive turn of the following Odes, ſomething remains to be ſaid on the origin and uſe of allegory in poetical compoſition.

By this we are not to underſtand the trope in the ſchools, which is defined "aliud verbis, aliud ſenſu

"ostendere," and of which Quintilion says, "usus "est, ut tristi dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ "rei gratia quædam contrariis significemus," &c. It is not the verbal but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression, (which indeed might come under the term of Metaphor) but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

When we endeavour to trace this species of figurative sentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itself. It is generally agreed that the most ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain that the most ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the first literary productions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the transition from hieroglyphical to literal expression, it is not to be wondered if the custom of expressing ideas by personal images, which had so long prevailed, should still retain its influence on the mind, though the use of letters had rendered the practical application of it superfluous. Those who had been accustomed to express strength by the image of an elephant, swiftness by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no scruple of substituting, in letters, the symbols for the ideas they had been used to represent.

Here we plainly see the origin of allegorical ex-

preſſion, that it aroſe from the aſhes of hieroglyphicks; and if to the ſame cauſe we ſhould refer that figurative boldneſs of ſtyle and imagery which diſtinguiſh the oriental writings, we ſhall perhaps conclude more juſtly than if we ſhould impute it to the ſuperior grandeur of eaſtern genius.

From the ſame ſource with the verbal we are to derive the ſentimental allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or ſymbolical expreſſion of the ſeveral agents in an action, or the different objects in a ſcene.

The latter moſt peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this ſpecies of allegory we include the imperſonation of paſſions, affections, virtues, and vices, &c. on account of which principally the following Odes were properly termed by their Author Allegorical.

With reſpect to the utility of this figurative writing the ſame arguments that have been advanced in favour of deſcriptive poetry will be of weight likewiſe here. It is indeed from imperſonation, or, as it is commonly termed, Perſonification, that poetical deſcription borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated; and even the ſcenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

Theſe obſervations will be moſt effectually illu-

ſtrated by the ſublime and beautiful Odes that occaſioned them: in thoſe it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by paſſing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE I. TO PITY.

By Pella's bard, a magick name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite!
Long, Pity! let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tend'reſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light.

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender paſſions, and therefore could not but ſtand in the higheſt eſteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's ſenſibility.—He did indeed admire him as much as Milton profeſſedly did, and probably for the ſame reaſons; but we do not find that he has copied him ſo cloſely as the laſt mentioned poet has ſometimes done, and particularly in the opening of Samſon Agoniſtes, which is an evident imitation of the following paſſage in the Phœniſſæ;

Ηλιε προπαροιθε, δυγατερ, ὡς τυφλῳ ποδι
Ὀφθαλμος ει συ, ναυβαταισιν ἀστρον ὡς
Δευρ' εις το λευρον πεδιον ιχνος τιθεισ' εμον,
Προβαινε.——— *Ac.* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The *eyes of dewy light* is one of the happieſt ſtrokes of imagination, and may be ranked among thoſe expreſſions which

——give us back the image of the mind,

Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo 'midſt my native plains
Been ſooth'd with Pity's lute:
There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head.

Suſſex, in which county the Arun is a ſmall river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as to Collins: both theſe poets, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are diſtinguiſhed. There was a ſimilitude in their genius and in their ſufferings: there was a reſemblance in the misfortunes and in the diſſipation of their lives; and the circumſtances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the hiſtory of human misfortunes, and of drawing the ſcenes from the Tragick Muſe, is very happy, and in every reſpect worthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE II. TO FEAR.

Mr. Collins, who had often determined to apply himſelf to dramatick poetry, ſeems here, with the ſame view, to have addreſſed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence ſhe had given to the genius of Shakeſpeare;

Hither again thy fury deal;
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear! will dwell with thee.

In the conſtruction of this nervous ode the Author has ſhewn equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more ſtriking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the meaſure in the fifth and ſixth verſes, when he feels the ſtrong influences of the power he invokes;

Ah, Fear! ah, frantick Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near!

The editor of theſe poems has met with nothing in the ſame ſpecies of poetry, either in his own or in any other language, equal, in all reſpects, to the following deſcription of Danger;

Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form!
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep.

It is impoſſible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two laſt verſes without thoſe emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it; for there is too much originality in all the circumſtances to ſuppoſe that the Author had in his eye that deſcription of the penal ſituation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid;

——Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem ſcopulo——

The archetype of the Engliſh poet's idea was in Nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought: from her, likewiſe, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, diſplayed in the following lines;

And thoſe, the fiends who, near ally'd,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;
On whom that rav'ning brood of Fate
Who lap the blood of Sorrow wait.

That nutritive enthuſiaſm which cheriſhes the ſeeds of poetry, and which is indeed the only ſoil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A paſſion for whatever is greatly wild or magnificent in the works of Nature ſeduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriouſly fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthuſiaſm bore no very diſtant reſemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the ſame attachments;

Be mine to read the viſions old
Which thy awak'ning bards have told;
And leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true.

On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c.] There is an old

traditionary ſuperſtition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all ſuch perſons as ſhall die within the enſuing year make their ſolemn entry into the churches of their reſpective pariſhes, as St. Patrick ſwam over the Channel, without their heads.

ODE III. TO SIMPLICITY.

The meaſure of the ancient ballad ſeems to have been made choice of for this ode on account of the ſubject; and it has indeed an air of Simplicity not altogether unaffecting;

> By all the honey'd ſtore
> On Hybla's thymy ſhore;
> By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear;
> By her whoſe love-lorn woe
> In ev'ning muſings flow
> Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear.

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd ſtore, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to the ſweetneſs and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the fineſt and the happieſt effect; yet poſſibly it will bear a queſtion whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to Simplicity in any thing more than the plans of their drama. Their language at leaſt was infinitely metaphorical; yet it muſt be owned that they juſtly copied nature and the paſſions, and ſo far certainly they were entitled to the palm of

true Simplicity: the following moſt beautiful ſpeech of Polynices will be a monument of this ſo long as poetry ſhall laſt;

——πολυδακρυς δ' αφικομην
Χρηνιος ιδων μελαθρα, και βωμους θεων,
Τυμγασια θ' οισιν ενετραφην, Διρκης θ' υδωρ.
Ων ω δικαιως απελαθεις, ξενην πολιν
Ναιω, δι' οσσων ομμ' εχων δακρυρροων.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγυς αλγος) αυ σε δερκομα,
Καρα ξυρηκες, και πτερυλις μελαγχιμυς
Εχυσαν. EURIP. Phœniſſ. ver. 369.

But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne.

The Poet cuts off the prevalence of Simplicity among the Romans with the reign of Auguſtus; and indeed it did not continue much longer, moſt of the compoſitions after that date giving into falſe and artificial ornament;

No more in hall or bow'r
The Paſſions own thy pow'r;
Love, only love, her forceleſs numbers mean.

In theſe lines the writings of the Provencal poets are principally alluded to, in which Simplicity is generally ſacrificed to the rhapſodies of romantick love.

ODE IV.

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul eſte profani!

This ode is ſo infinitely abſtracted, and replete with high enthuſiaſm, that it will find few readers capable

of entering into the ſpirit of it, or of reliſhing its beauties. There is a ſtyle of ſentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities as if the ſubject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the ſame account that abſtracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of ſuch poems muſt be content with the approbation of thoſe heaven-favoured geniuſes who, by a ſimilarity of taſte and ſentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high myſteries of inſpired fancy, and to purſue the loftieſt flights of enthuſiaſtick imagination. Nevertheleſs the praiſe of the diſtinguiſhed few is certainly preferable to the applauſe of the undiſcerning million; for all praiſe is valuable in proportion to the judgment of thoſe who confer it.

As the ſubject of this ode is uncommon, ſo are the ſtyle and expreſſion highly metaphorical and abſtracted; thus the ſun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of "Morn;" the ideas are termed "the ſhadowy tribes "of Mind," &c. We are ſtruck with the propriety of this mode of expreſſion here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that ſubſiſts between language and ſentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the creation of the ceſtus of Fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and ſublime; and the obſervation that the dangerous paſſions kept aloof during the operation is founded on the ſtricteſt philoſophical truth; for poetical fancy can exiſt only in minds

that are perfectly ſerene, and in ſome meaſure abſtracted from the influences of ſenſe.

The ſcene of Milton's "inſpiring hour" is perfectly in character, and deſcribed with all thoſe wild-wood appearances of which the great poet was ſo enthuſiaſtically fond;

I view that oak the fancy'd glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his ev'ning ear,
Nigh ſpher'd in heav'n, its native ſtrains could hear.

ODE V. TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS.

In the Action at Fontenoy.

Written May, 1745.

The iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived ſeems as well calculated for tender and plaintive ſubjects as for thoſe where ſtrength or rapidity is required.—This perhaps is owing to the repetition of the ſtrain in the ſame ſtanza; for ſorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needleſs to obſerve that this ode is replete with harmony, ſpirit, and pathos: and there ſurely appears no reaſon why the ſeventh and eighth ſtanzas ſhould be omitted in that copy printed in Dodſley's Collection of Poems.

ODE VI.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

* * * * * *

ODE VII. TO MERCY.

The ode written in 1746; and the ode To Mercy, ſeem to have been written on the ſame occaſion, *viz.* the late rebellion; the former in memory of thoſe heroes who fell in the defence of their country; the latter to excite ſentiments of compaſſion in favour of thoſe unhappy and deluded wretches who became a ſacrifice to publick juſtice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the ſcene and figures deſcribed in the ſtrophe of the ode To Mercy are exquiſitely ſtriking, and would afford a painter one of the fineſt ſubjects in the world.

ODE VIII. TO LIBERTY.

The ancient ſtates of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of Liberty ever exiſted, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem;

> Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
> And call in ſolemn ſounds to life
> The youths whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
> Like vernal Hyacinths in ſullen hue? &c.

There is ſomething extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly ſuperior to that deſcription Jocaſta gives us of the hair of Polynices;

> Βοστρυχων τε κυανοχρωτα χαιτας
> Πλοκαμων.———
>
> What new Alcæus, fancy-bleſt,
> Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt? &c.

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus ſtill remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, who ſlew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby reſtored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here moſt nervouſly deſcribed in one line;

With heavieſt ſound a giant-ſtatue fell.

The thought ſeems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the ſtructure of the verſe is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient Liberty, the Poet conſiders the influence it has retained, or ſtill retains, among the Moderns; and here the free republicks of Italy naturally engage his attention.—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on the account of loſing its liberty under thoſe patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the jealous Piſa, juſtly ſo called in reſpect to its long impatience and regret under the ſame yoke; and the ſmall Marino, which, however unreſpectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has at leaſt this diſtinction to boaſt, that it has preſerved its Liberty longer than any other ſtate ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its preſent mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover, the patron-ſaint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deſerves this poetical record, as he is perhaps the only ſaint that ever contributed to the eſtabliſhment of freedom.

Nor e'er her former pride relate
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate.

In theſe lines the Poet alludes to thoſe ravages in the ſtate of Genoa occaſioned by the unhappy diviſions of the Guelphs and Gibelines.

——When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer, heard thy voice.

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in theſe verſes, ſee Voltaire's Epiſtle to the King of Pruſſia.

Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd.

The Flemings were ſo dreadfully oppreſſed by this ſanguinary general of Philip II. that they offered their ſovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her ſubjects, ſhe had policy and magnanimity enough to refuſe it. Deſormeaux, in his *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Hiſtoire d'Eſpagne*, thus deſcribes the ſufferings of the Flemings: "Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de ré-"duire les Flamands au déſeſpoir. Après avoir in-"ondé les echafauts du ſang le plus noble et le plus "précieux, il faſoit conſtruire des citadelles en divers "endroits, et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribute "onéreux qui avoit été longtems en uſage parmi les "Eſpagnols." *Abreg. Chron. Tom. IV.*

Mona,——
Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Iſle of An-

gleſey, anciently ſo famous for its Druids; but ſometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Iſle of Man. Both thoſe iſles ſtill retain much of the genius of ſuperſtition, and are now the only places where there is the leaſt chance of finding a Fairy.

ODE IX. TO EVENING.

The blank ode has for ſome time ſolicited admiſſion into the Engliſh poetry, but its efforts hitherto ſeem to have been vain, at leaſt its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a queſtion, then, whether there is not ſomething in the nature of blank verſe leſs adapted to the lyrick than to the heroick meaſure, ſince though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to diſcover this we are to conſider the different modes of theſe different ſpecies of poetry. That of the heroick is uniform, that of the lyrick is various; and in theſe circumſtances of uniformity and variety probably lies the cauſe why blank verſe has been ſucceſsful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it preſented itſelf only in one form it was familiarized to the ear by cuſtom; but where it was obliged to aſſume the different ſhapes of the lyrick Muſe, it ſeemed ſtill a ſtranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curioſity than pleaſure, and entertained without that eaſe or ſatisfaction which

acquaintance and familiarity produce.—Moreover, the heroick blank verſe obtained a ſanction of infinite importance to its general reception when it was adopted by one of the greateſt poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the nobleſt poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applauſe which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the verſification ſoon found its imitators, and became more generally ſucceſsful than even in thoſe countries from whence it was imported. But lyrick blank verſe has met with no ſuch advantages; for Mr. Collins, whoſe genius and judgment in harmony might have given it ſo powerful an effect, hath left us but one ſpecimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his meaſure he ſeems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the neareſt reſemblance to that mixt kind of the aſclepiad and pherecratic verſe; and that reſemblance in ſome degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of thoſe great maſters of antiquity whoſe works had no need of this whimſical gingle of ſounds.

From the following paſſage one might be induced to think that the Poet had it in view to render his ſubject and his verſification ſuitable to each other on this occaſion, and that when he addreſſed himſelf to the ſober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aſide the foppery of rhyme;

Now teach me, Maid compos'd!
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,
Whoſe numbers ſtealing thro' thy dar'kning vale
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As muſing ſlow I hail
Thy genial lov'd return.

But whatever were the numbers or the verſification of this ode, the imagery and enthuſiaſm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful: no other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteriſtick of his genius: in one place we diſcover his paſſion for viſionary beings;

For when thy folding-ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours and Elves,
Who ſlept in buds the day,
And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſh'ning dew, and, lovelier ſtill,
The penſive Pleaſures ſweet,
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

In another we behold his ſtrong bias to melancholy;

Then let me rove ſome wild and heathy ſcene,
Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Then appears his taſte for what is wildly grand and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by ſtorms from enjoying his evening walk, he wiſhes for a ſituation

That from the mountain's ſides
Views wilds and ſwelling floods;

and through the whole his invariable attachment to the expreſſion of painting;

——— and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

It might be a ſufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to obſerve, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom Nature has given the moſt perfect principles of taſte. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumſtance by no means unfavourable to the cauſe of lyrick blank verſe; for ſurely if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the maſculine genius may diſpenſe with them.

ODE X. TO PEACE.

* * * * * * * * *

ODE XI. THE MANNERS.

From the ſubject and ſentiments of this ode, it ſeems not improbable that the Author wrote it about the time when he left the univerſity; when, weary with the purſuit of academical ſtudies, he no longer confined himſelf to the ſearch of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the ſcholar of humanity, to ſtudy Nature in her works, and man in ſociety.

The following farewell to Science exhibits a very juſt as well as ſtriking picture; for however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platoniſm and Pyrrhoniſm are nearly allied;

Farewell the Porch whoſe roof is ſeen
Arch'd with th' enliv'ning olive's green;
Where Science, prank'd in tiſſu'd veſt,
By Reaſon, Pride, and Fancy, dreſt,
Comes like a bride, ſo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's ſhade.

When the mind goes in purſuit of viſionary ſyſtems it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity to think abſtractedly, to reaſon and refine, the more it will be expoſed to and bewildered in uncertainty. From an enthuſiaſtick warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to perſiſt in ſome favourite doctrine, or to adhere to ſome adopted ſyſtem; but when that enthuſiaſm which is founded on the vivacity of the paſſions gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it ſupported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhoſpitable ſhore of doubt—A ſtriking proof of the neceſſity of ſome moral rule of wiſdom and virtue, and ſome ſyſtem of happineſs, eſtabliſhed by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the Poet's addreſs to Humour in this ode, there is one image of ſingular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of ſuch a nature, and diſpoſed in ſuch a manner, as to be perfectly ſymbolical and characteriſtick;

Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each others beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide.

Nothing could be more expreſſive of wit, which conſiſts in a happy colliſion of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the diſpoſition of the jewels;

> O Humour! thou whoſe name is known
> To Britain's favour'd iſle alone.

The Author could only mean to apply this to the time when he wrote, ſince other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himſelf acknowledges afterwards;

> By old Miletus, &c.
> By all you taught the Tuſcan maids, &c.

The Mileſian and Tuſcan romances were by no means diſtinguiſhed for humour, but as they were the models of that ſpecies of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are probably for that reaſon only mentioned here.

ODE XII. THE PASSIONS.

If the Muſick which was compoſed for this ode had equal merit with the ode itſelf, it muſt have been the moſt excellent performance of the kind in which poetry and Muſick have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the ſame nature have derived their greateſt reputation from the perfection of the Muſick that accompanied them, having in themſelves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad; but in this we have the whole ſoul and power of poetry—expreſſion that, even without the aid of Muſick, ſtrikes to

the heart; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention, without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds: what, then, must have been the effect of these united!

It is very observable, that though the measure is the same in which the musical efforts of Fear, Anger, and Despair, are described, yet by the variation of the cadence the character and operation of each is strongly expressed; thus particularly of Despair;

With woeful measures wan Despair——
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air!
'Twas sad by fits, by starts it was wild.

He must be a very unskilful composer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from these lines.

The picture of Hope that follows this is beautiful almost beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleasure and fancy have appropriated to her;

Relegat, qui semel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close;
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

In what an exalted light does the above ſtanza place this great maſter of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied ſweetneſs of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expreſſion! how characteriſtically does Hope prolong her ſtrain! repeat her ſoothing cloſes! call upon her aſſociate Echo for the ſame purpoſes! and diſplay every pleaſing grace peculiar to her!

And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui ſemel percurrit, relegat.

The deſcriptions of Joy, Jealouſy, and Revenge, are excellent, though not equally ſo; thoſe of Melancholy and Cheerfulneſs are ſuperior to every thing of the kind: and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in aſſerting that this is the fineſt ode in the Engliſh language.

ODE XIII. ON THOMSON'S DEATH.

The Ode on the death of Thomſon ſeems to have been written in an excurſion to Richmond by water. The rural ſcenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet much of whoſe merit lay in deſcriptions of the ſame kind, and the appellations of *Druid* and *meek Nature's Child* are happily characteriſtick. For the better underſtanding of this ode, it is neceſſary to remember that Mr. Thomſon lies buried in the church of Richmond.

ODES
DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE I. TO PITY.

O Thou! the friend of man, aſſign'd
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantick woe,
When firſt Diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
His wild unfated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magick name!
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite!
Long, Pity! let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tend'reſt blue,
And eyes of dewy light.

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide?
Deſerted ſtream and mute!
Wild Arun * too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo 'midſt my native plains
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute:

* A river in Suſſex.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity! come; by Fancy's aid
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting Maid!
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate
How Chance or hard involving Fate
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And, sighing, prompt her tender hand
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft', retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell;
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin! thou again delight
To hear a British shell.

ODE II. TO FEAR.

THOU! to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhown;
Who feeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between;
Ah, Fear! ah, frantick Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near!
I know thy hurry'd ſtep, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly,
For lo! what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form!
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep;
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind;
And thoſe, the fiends who, near ally'd,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance in the lurid air
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;
On whom that rav'ning brood of Fate
Who lap the blood of Sorrow wait.
Who, Fear! this ghaſtly train can ſee
And look not madly wild like thee?

EPODE.

In earlieſt Greece to thee with partial choice
The grief-full Muſe addreſs'd her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard * who firſt invok'd thy name,
Diſdain'd in Marathon its power to feel;
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's ſteel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
Who, left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary ſteps to trace,
Where thou and Furies ſhar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapp'd in thy cloudy veil th' inceſtuous queen †
Sigh'd the ſad call her ſon and huſband heard,
When once alone it broke the ſilent ſcene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart;
Thy with'ring power inſpir'd each mournful line:
Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the ſcene are thine.

* Æſchylus. † Jocaſta.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad Nymph! at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries, in tempeſts brought?
Dark Power! with ſhudd'ring meek ſubmitted thought
Be mine to read the viſions old
Which thy awak'ning bards have told.
And leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true.
Ne'er be I found by thee o'er-aw'd
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire or fen,
Or mine or flood, the walks of men!
O Thou! whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpeare's breaſt;
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke,
Hither again thy fury deal;
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear! will dwell with thee.

ODE III. TO SIMPLICITY.

O Thou! by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought
In numbers warmly pure and ſweetly ſtrong;
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In fancy loveliеſt child,
Thy babe and Pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!

Thou! who with hermit heart
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall,
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaſte unboaſtful Nymph! to thee I call.

By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore;
By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear;
By her whoſe love-lorn woe
In ev'ning muſings ſlow
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear;

By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpreads his wavy ſweep
In warbled wand'rings round thy green retreat,
On whoſe enamell'd ſide,
When holy Freedom dy'd,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet:

O ſiſter meek of Truth!
To my admiring youth
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe.
The flow'rs that ſweeteſt breathe,
Tho' Beauty cull'd the wreathe,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none eſteem
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band;
But ſtay'd to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more in hall or bow'r
The Paſſions own thy pow'r;
Love, only love, her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more nor vine
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.

Tho' taſte, tho' genius, bleſs
To ſome divine exceſs,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inſpire the whole:
What each, what all, ſupply
May court, may charm, our eye;
Thou, only thou, canſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!

Of theſe let others aſk
To aid ſome mighty taſk;

I only ſeek to find thy temp'rate vale,
Where oft' my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O Nature! learn my tale.

ODE IV.

ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted bard,
(Him whoſe ſchool above the reſt
His loveliеſt Elfin queen has bleſt)
One, only one, unrivall'd fair *,
Might hope the magick girdle wear,
At ſolemn tournay hung on high,
The wiſh of each love-darting eye:
Lo! to each other nymph in turn apply'd,
As if, in air unſeen, ſome hov'ring hand,
Some chaſte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whiſper'd ſpell had burſt the ſtarting band,
It left unbleſs'd her loath'd diſhonour'd ſide:
Happier, hopeleſs Fair! if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone, to her deny'd.
Young Fancy thus, to me divineſt name!
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The ceſt of ampleſt power is given,

* Florimel. See Spenſer, Leg. 4.

To few the god-like gift assigns
To gird their blest prophetick loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as Fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day
When he who call'd with thought to birth
Yon' tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dress't with springs and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast wood,
Himself in some diviner mood
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,
The whiles the vaulted shrine around
Seraphick wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she from out the veiling cloud
Breath'd her magick notes aloud;
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of Morn!
And all thy subject life was born.
The dang'rous Passions kept aloof
Far from the sainted growing woof;
But near it sat ecstatick Wonder,
List'ning the deep applauding thunder;
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the tarsel's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of Mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,

And all the bright uncounted pow'rs
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flow'rs.
Where is the bard whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff, to heav'n up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where tangled round the jealous steep
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head
An Eden like his own lies spread.
I view that oak the fancy'd glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his ev'ning ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh spher'd in heav'n, its native strains could hear,
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft' his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone
Of all the sons of Soul was known,
And Heav'n and Fancy, kindred pow'rs,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bow'rs,
Or curtain'd close such scene from ev'ry future view.

ODE V. TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS

In the Action at Fontenoy.

Written May 1745.

WHILE, loſt to all his former mirth,
Britannia's Genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day;
While, ſtain'd with blood, he ſtrives to tear
Unſeemly from his ſea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May;

The thoughts which muſing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raiſe,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herſelf unkind,
Awakes to grief the ſoften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's deſcending wave
His country's vows ſhall bleſs the grave
Where'er the youth is laid:
That ſacred ſpot the village hind
With ev'ry ſweeteſt turf ſhall bind,
And Peace protect the ſhade.

O'er him, whoſe doom thy Virtues grieve,
Aerial forms ſhall ſit at eve,
And bend the penſive head;
And, fall'n to ſave his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed.

The warlike dead of ev'ry age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their ſainted reſt;
And, half-reclining on his ſpear,
Each wond'ring chief by turns appear
To hail the blooming gueſt.

Old Edward's ſons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Creſſy's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they ſnatch the gleamy ſteel,
And wiſh th' avenging fight.

But, lo! where ſunk in deep deſpair,
Her garments torn, her boſom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted treſſes madly ſpread,
To ev'ry ſod which wraps the dead
She turns her joyleſs eyes.

Ne'er ſhall ſhe leave that lowly ground
Till notes of triumph burſting round
Proclaim her reign reſtor'd;
Till William ſeek the ſad retreat,
And, bleeding at her ſacred feet,
Preſent the fated ſword.

If, weak to ſooth ſo ſoft an heart,
Theſe pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy conſtant tear;
If yet, in Sorrow's diſtant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou ſee'ſt him lie,
Wild War inſulting near;

Where'er from time thou court'ſt relief
The Muſe ſhall ſtill with ſocial grief
Her gentleſt promiſe keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the ſad repeated tale,
And bid her ſhepherds weep.

ODE VI.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,

She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom ſhall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

ODE VII. TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O Thou! who ſitt'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd!
Who oft' with ſongs divine to hear
Winn'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flow'rs his bloodleſs ſword;
Thou who amidſt the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft' with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth who ſinks to ground:
See, Mercy! ſee! with pure and loaded hands
Before thy ſhrine my country's Genius ſtands, [wound.
And decks thy altar ſtill, tho' pierc'd with many a

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,

And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey,
Thy form from out thy ſweet abode
O'ertook him on his blaſted road,
And ſtopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes they own.
O Maid! for all thy love to Britain ſhown,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tow'r,
To thee we build a roſeate bow'r.
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare our monarch's throne!

ODE VIII. TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life
The youths whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal Hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alcæus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt,
At Wiſdom's ſhrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
'Till ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!

O Goddeſs! in that feeling hour,
When moſt its ſounds would court thy ear,
Let not my ſhell's miſguided pow'r
E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful, tears.
No, Freedom! no; I will not tell
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heavieſt ſound a giant-ſtatue fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race
From off its wide ambitious baſe,
When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barb'rous yell, to thouſand fragments broke.

EPODE II.

Yet ev'n where'er the leaſt appear'd
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still 'midſt the ſcatter'd ſtates around
Some remnants of her ſtrength were found:
They ſaw by what eſcap'd the ſtorm
How world'rous roſe her perfect form;
How in the great the labour'd whole
Each mighty maſter pour'd his ſoul:
For ſunny Florence, ſeat of Art,
Beneath her vines preſerv'd a part,
Till they whom Science lov'd to name
(O who could fear it!) quench'd her flame.
And lo! an humbler relick laid
In jealous Piſa's olive ſhade,

See ſmall Marino joins the theme,
Tho' leaſt, not laſt, in thy eſteem.
Strike! louder ſtrike, th' ennobling ſtrings
To thoſe whoſe merchant-ſons were kings;
To him who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride.
Hail! port of glory, wealth, and pleaſure!
Ne'er let me change this Lydian meaſure,
Nor e'er her former pride relate
To ſad Liguria's bleeding ſtate.
Ah! no; more pleas'd thy haunts I ſeek
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak,
(Where when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer, heard thy voice,
Forth from his eyry, rouz'd in dread,
The rav'ning Eagle northward fled)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With thoſe to whom thy Stork is dear *,
Thoſe whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whoſe crown a Britiſh queen refus'd.
The magick works, thou feel'ſt the ſtrains,
One holier name alone remains;

* The Dutch, amongſt whom there are very ſevere penalties for thoſe who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almoſt all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are ſaid to entertain a ſuperſtitious ſentiment, that if the whole ſpecies of them ſhould become extinct they ſhould loſe their liberties.

The perfect ſpell ſhall then avail,
Hail, Nymph! ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the meaſure vaſt of thought
The works the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, it is held of antique ſtory,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverſe ſtrand *;
No ſea between, nor cliff ſublime and hoary,
He paſs'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
To the blown Baltick then, they ſay,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfiſh mountains rounding;
Till all the banded weſt at once 'gan riſe,
A wide wild ſtorm ev'n Nature's ſelf confounding,
With'ring her giant ſons with ſtrange uncouth ſur-
This pillar'd earth, ſo firm and wide, [priſe.
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was puſh'd aſide,
And down the ſhould'ring billows borne.
And ſee! like gems her laughing train,
The little iſles on ev'ry ſide,
Mona †, once hid from thoſe who ſearch the main,

* This tradition is mentioned by ſeveral of our old hiſtorians. Some naturaliſts too have endeavoured to ſupport the probability of the fact by arguments drawn from the correſpondent diſpoſition of the two oppoſite cóaſts. I do not remember that any poetical uſe has been hitherto made of it.

† There is a tradition in the Iſle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beau-

Where thouſand elfin ſhapes abide,
And wight who checks the weſt'ring tide,
For thee conſenting Heav'n has each beſtow'd,
A fair attendant on her ſov'reign pride;
To thee this bleſt divorce ſhe ow'd,
For thou haſt made her vales thy lov'd thy laſt abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, it is ſaid, an hoary pile
'Midſt the green navel of our iſle,
Thy ſhrine in ſome religious wood,
O ſoul-enforcing Goddeſs! ſtood;
There oft' the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celeſtial meet;
Tho' now with hopeleſs toil we trace
Time's backward rolls to find its place;
Whether the fiery-treſſed Dane
Or Roman's ſelf o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what Heav'n-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern ſong to tell:
Yet ſtill if truth thoſe beams infuſe
Which guide at once and charm the Muſe,

ty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the ſhore, and opened her paſſion to him, but was received with a coldneſs, occaſioned by his horrour and ſurpriſe at her appearance. This however was ſo miſconſtrued by the ſea-lady, that in revenge for this treatment of her ſhe puniſhed the whole iſland by covering it with a miſt; ſo that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the ſea, or were on a ſudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

Beyond yon' braided clouds that lie
Paving the light embroider'd skie,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains
The beauteous model still remains:
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bow'rs by Spring or Hebe dress'd,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story
In warlike weeds retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told,
How learn, delighted and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabrick rais'd?
Ev'n now before his favour'd eyes
In Gothick pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join
Majestick thro' the mix'd design:
The secret builder knew to chuse
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues;
Whate'er heav'n's purer mould contains
When nearer suns emblaze its veins:
There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, grav'd with some prophetick rage,
Read Albion's fame thro' ev'ry age.
Ye Forms Divine! ye Laureate Band!
That near her inmost altar stand,

Now ſooth her, to her bliſsful train
Blithe Concord's ſocial form to gain;
Concord! whoſe myrtle wand can ſteep
Ev'n Anger's blood-ſhot eyes in ſleep;
Before whoſe breathing boſom's balm
Rage drops his ſteel and ſtorms grow calm:
Her let our ſires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd ſhore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till in one loud applauding ſound
The nations ſhout to her around,
O! how ſupremely art thou bleſt!
Thou, Lady! thou ſhalt rule the Weſt!

ODE IX. TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten ſtop or paſt'ral ſong
May hope, chaſte Eve! to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings and dying gales;

O Nymph reſerv'd! while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon' weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft' he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
Now teach me, Maid compos'd!
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial lov'd return:

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours and Elves,
Who slept in buds the day,
And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car:

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams:

Or if chill blust'ring winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's sides
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft' he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE X. TO PEACE.

O Thou! who bad'ſt thy turtles bear
Swift from his graſp thy golden hair,
And ſought'ſt thy native ſkies;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his ſtorms ariſe:

Tir'd of his rude tyrannick ſway
Our youth ſhall fix ſome feſtive day
His ſullen ſhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ſt the turning ſpheres,
What ſounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleſs'd return?

O Peace! thy injur'd robes up-bind;
O riſe, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train!
The Britiſh Lion, Goddeſs ſweet!
Lies ſtretch'd on earth to kiſs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranſient ſmile,
But come to grace thy Weſtern Iſle,
By warlike Honour led;
And while around her ports rejoice,
While all her ſons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed.

ODE XI. THE MANNERS.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd tracks of mind,
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd.
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magick shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such Fairy field,
Some pow'r impart the spear and shield
At which the wizard Passions fly,
By which the giant Follies die!

Farewell the Porch whose roof is seen
Arch'd with th' enliv'ning olive's green;
Where Science, prank'd in tissu'd vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy, drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!

Youth of the quick uncheated sight
Thy walks, Observance, more invite.
O thou! who lov'st that ampler range
Where Life's wide prospects round thee change,
And with her mingled sons ally'd
Throw'st the prattling page aside,
To me in converse sweet impart,
To read in man the native heart;

To learn, where Science ſure is found,
From Nature as ſhe lives around,
And gazing oft' her mirror true,
By turns each ſhifting image view,
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverſe the leſſons taught before,
Alluring from a ſafer rule
To dream in her enchanted ſchool.
Thou, Heaven! whate'er of great we boaſt,
Haſt bleſt this ſocial ſcience moſt.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent ſpell,
Not vain ſhe finds the charmful taſk
In pageant quaint, in motley maſk.
Behold! before her muſing eyes
The countleſs Manners round her riſe,
While, ever varying as they paſs,
To ſome Contempt applies her glaſs:
With theſe the white-rob'd Maids combine,
And thoſe the laughing Satyrs join.
But who is he whom now ſhe views
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the Paſſions nurs'd, I greet
The comick ſock that binds thy feet!
O Humour! thou whoſe name is known
To Britain's favour'd iſle alone,
Me too amidſt thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,

(Whoſe jewels in his criſped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to ſhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy ſide.
By old Miletus *, who ſo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven ſong;
By all you taught the Tuſcan maids
In chang'd Italia's modern ſhades;
By him whoſe Knight's diſtinguiſh'd name †
Refin'd a nation's luſt of fame,
Whoſe tales ev'n now with echoes ſweet
Caſtilia's Mooriſh hills repeat;
Or him whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore ‡
In watchet weeds on Gallia's ſhore,
Who drew the ſad Sicilian maid
By virtues in her ſire betray'd:
O Nature boon! from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed,
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynick find
Thoſe oft'-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind;
The Sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!

* Alluding to the Mileſian Tales, ſome of the earlieſt romances.

† Cervantes.

‡ Monſieur Le Sege, author of the incomparable Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

ODE XII. THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSICK.

When Musick, heavenly Maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft', to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magick cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, it is said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And as they oft' had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurry'd hand the strings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd;
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air!
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts it was wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill thro' all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at ev'ry cloſe;
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had ſhe ſung—but with a frown
Revenge impatient roſe;
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetick ſounds ſo full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And tho' ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected Pity at his ſide
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice apply'd,

Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien, [his head.
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting from
Thy numbers, Jealouſy! to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate;
Of diff'ring themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her penſive ſoul,
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs dy'd away.
But, O! how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd ſiſters, and their chaſte-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan boys were ſeen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came Joy's ecſtatick trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk-awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.
They would have thought who heard the ſtrain
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades
To ſome unweary'd minſtrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtick round;
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolick play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.
O Muſick! ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of Pleaſure, Wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs! why to us deny'd?
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r,
Thy mimick ſoul, O Nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energick, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders in that god-like age
Fill thy recording ſiſter's page—

'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Ev'n all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of ſound—
O bid our vain endeavours ceaſe,
Revive the juſt deſigns of Greece;
Return in all thy ſimple ſtate;
Confirm the tales her ſons relate!

ODE XIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

I.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave;
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave.

II.

In yon' deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

* The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in The Caſtle of Indolence.

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
To her the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft' ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft' ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft' as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon' whit'ning ſpire *,
And 'mid the vary'd landſcape weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'ſt that earthly bed,
Ah! what will ev'ry dirge avail?
Or tears which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

Yet lives there one whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near?
With him, ſweet Bard! may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

* Richmond church, in which Mr. Thomſon was buried.

VIII.

But thou, lorn Stream! whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the bury'd friend!

IX.

And see! the Fairy vallies fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted Shade!
Meek Nature's Child! again adieu.

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life shall mourn thy early doom *!
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
O Vales! and wild Woods! shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

* Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

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THE END.

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